FIFTY YEARS' RECTORSHIP

IN

SAINT MARY'S CHURCH

HAMILTON VILLAGE

PHILADELPHIA

# JUBILATE DEO

## 1844-1894

A SERMON BY

THOMAS C. YARNALL, D.D.

AND

AN ADDRESS BY THE

RIGHT REVEREND THE BISHOP OF PENNSYLVANIA

ON THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

APRIL 15th, 1894

TOGETHER WITH THE PRESENTATION ADDRESS OF

WILLIAM C. HANNIS, ESQ., APRIL 17th, 1894

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Philadelphia

Unto what is the kingdom of God like? And whereunto shall I resemble it? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and cast into his garden; and it grew, and waxed a great tree; and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it. St. Luke xiii: 18, 19.

The completion of fifty years rectorship in one parish may, to a certain extent at least, excuse me for indulging, at this time, in some personal reminiscences. With two or three exceptions, I have not cared to preach anniversary sermons. And particularly in this parish, it did not seem worth while to dwell upon what, for the first few years of my ministry here, did not offer features of sufficient general interest to warrant their public recital. Then, too, the history of our parochial existence did not reach back beyond the second decade of the century. For some years of its infancy this was a feeble country or suburban church, in a sparsely settled neighborhood, and had little to recommend it in the way of architectural beauty. The congregation was very small; the services possibly not always very attractive, nor always regularly held.

About ten years ago I gathered what records I could of our early history, making them a subject of

discourse at the time. With a few additions they were published in pamphlet form in 1887. Not very long afterwards I alluded in a sermon to some facts connected with what at that time had been accomplished here. And a few years later, when an anniversary of my ordination to the priesthood occurred on a Sunday, I made some brief impromptu remarks, at the close of my morning sermon, which were based upon what I could recall at the moment of the characteristics of some who had taken part in the ordination service which was held here on the nineteenth day of May, 1844. I was elected Rector of this Church on the eleventh day of April of the same year. Of the members of the Vestry who elected me two survive, and the three who were ordained here in 1844 are still living. I think you will agree with me that I cannot be justly charged with having, in all these fifty years, dwelt much in my sermons upon matters which might be considered as obtrusively of a personal nature.

I received both Deacon's and Priest's orders at the hands of Bishop Henry U. Onderdonk. Whatever may have been spoken or written against him —whatever were his faults—he was eminently a just man, kind and considerate, and firm in his clear convictions of duty. His mind was of a high judicial order, and his early medical studies had trained it to close observation. He was untiring in his visitations of the large diocese which then embraced the State and involved much exposure and rough travel. As a preacher he always won attention by the ability, the



careful accuracy, the thoughtfulness, and the wide instructiveness of his discourses. His controversial writings are remarkably free from all unfairness and bitterness—indeed, are models of their kind—and were of noteworthy use in their day by the calm and strong testimony which they bore to certain truths then too little thought of. During the twelve years of his enforced silence very beautifully did his humility become a marked feature of his character. And during this time profound respect was felt for him and substantial evidence given of this feeling, both in and out of our communion. I may, perhaps, be pardoned for saying here that upon no act of my life do I look back with more satisfaction and thankfulness than having written the petition which was the means, under God, of lightening the Bishop's closing years. Of late, scarcely has justice been done to his memory. Hence I make this tribute, imperfect as it is, but with the strong conviction of the value of the services which he rendered to our Church in Pennsylvania in a peculiarly trying time—the bitter party feeling which existed requiring calm judgment to meet and soothe it.

Among my examiners, both for Deacon's and for Priest's orders, and who likewise presented me each time for ordination, was the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Williams. It has long been a most pleasant recollection with me that my name has thus some association with his. The son of a clergyman, and born in Kent, England, in 1791, he entered the army when a young man, and served with marked distinction both in India,

and in the Peninsular campaign under Wellington. In the battle at Toulouse he was severely wounded, and was among those left on the field over night whose recovery was considered hopeless. He subsequently became an officer in the First Life Guards. But his call was for a higher service. Entering St. John's College, Cambridge, he was, after graduation there, ordained in 1820, by the Right Reverend Dr. Tomline, Lord Bishop of Lincoln. In 1823 he came to this country. He served several of our churches in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and for nearly eight years was President of Baltimore College. Removing to Philadelphia, the last twenty-two years of his life were principally given to the higher educational training in this city—meanwhile, however, never neglecting the discharge of the duties of his clerical office. He was ever ready to assist his brother clergymen or to take duty in feeble or vacant parishes, and his services were always given gratuitously. He was active too as Chaplain of St. George's Society—many a case of suffering having been carefully investigated and relieved by him. His death followed an attack of paralysis while preaching in Emmanuel Church, Holmesburg. During his last sickness he wrote, "Thanks be to God, I am not afraid to die. Though sensible of my many shortcomings, and of the sinfulness of erring human nature, yet holding fast to the promises revealed to us in the blessed gospel, I am able to say with hope, Lord, whensoever Thou wilt, Thy will be done." Thus calmly and peacefully did this good soldier of Jesus Christ look forward to the end of mortal



life. I recall his courteous manners—his thorough refinement as a gentleman of the old school. A few of his manuscript sermons, and among them some which he had preached in St. Mary's (where he occasionally officiated), were recently placed in my hands for perusal. They bear the marks of his accurate scholarship, as well as of his earnest advocacy of the great truths of the gospel.

One of my very dear clerical friends, who also took part in the services here at my ordination to the Priesthood, was the Rev. George W. Natt, to whose memory one of the windows in our Baptistery is dedicated. Thirty years ago he was called to his rest, and, of course many now present have no personal recollection of him. There are, however, some among us who still cherish his memory. And I am very sure that we can have in mind the image of no one who was a more devoted servant of our blessed Lord. A holier man I never knew. Most faithful missionary work on his part in the interior of this State had endeared him to all who were brought under the influence of his ministry there, and won for him the admiration and warm affection of the late Bishop Alonzo Potter. It was to Mr. Natt that we largely owe the rebuilding of the church in Mantua, and which he subsequently served until his health failed him. Even when wearing sickness was upon him, and when many a person would have felt quite justified in withdrawing from all active labor, he kept on in untiring devotion to the cause which he loved, and the all-gracious Master whom he served.

I have spoken of Dr. Williams and of Mr. Natt partly because it is our privilege in this Parish to have those bearing these names working here with us. Besides, it is well for us to remember the examples of those whose lives bore witness to noble character; it is an incentive to our own walking in the ways of godliness.

There are many dear forms which rise before my mind as I look back over the years of my rectorship here—faithful men and women who had the welfare of this Church very near their hearts, and doubtless often in their prayers, and who gave earnest labor here. It is to these that the greater praise is due, humanly speaking, for whatever good has been accomplished here. Without them there must, of necessity almost, have been sad failure.

When I entered upon my duties in St. Mary's the region about us, which is now included in the city limits, was still quite rural. It continued so for several years, and the rapid growth which we have seen of the city in this direction was hardly dreamt of. West of the Schuylkill river, within the limits of the county of Philadelphia, at the period referred to, St. Mary's was the only one of our Churches, with the exception of St. James' Church, Kingsessing, three miles south of us. Of St. Mark's Church, Mantua, which was built before St. Mary's, nothing but the blackened walls was standing—the church-building having been set on fire, and destroyed some years before, and for sometime before that, having been unused as a place of worship, it was neglected and sadly desecrated. To-day twelve addi-



tional churches and chapels of our Communion mark the growth of our Church, this side the Schuylkill, within the aforesaid limits during the last half century.

Fifty years ago the excitement following the Oxford movement had sent its wave of influence across the waters to our own shores; and much suspicion was felt concerning those clergymen who did not join in pronounced opposition to everything which had upon it the marks of that movement. The word *Puseyite* was often used as a term of reproach by many who had an exceedingly nebulous conception of its meaning, and frequently ludicrous mistakes were made in its application In illustration of those times I may mention that an English gentleman who moved into this neighborhood was informed, when enquiring about the different places of worship around us, that this was a Puseyite Church; and when he asked the meaning of the designation was met with the confession of entire ignorance of its significance on the part of his informant. A name sometimes serves its purpose when the truth might not serve quite as well. Ignorance is very apt to frighten itself as well as to frighten others when there is little real cause of alarm. All who have intelligently studied the Oxford movement must be satisfied, however they may regret some of its results, that very great good has come from it in intensifying the thought of the Church as a Divine Institution—as the Body of Christ—and not a merely human organization.

The unhappy effects of prolonged partisan strife in our Communion, and the bitterness engendered thereby,

had not died away fifty years ago. The old ways of dignified quiet, without much of a very active aggressive spirit, and perhaps with too faint a conception of some deeply important spiritual truths, although these were enshrined in the Prayer-Book, were disturbed by the earnestness which marked many who recognized the awakening influence of the movement which had arisen before that which sprung from Oxford. I of course allude here to those who were called Evangelicals—whose memory we are bound to honor for what was accomplished by them in calling attention to a class of truths which had in a measure been kept in the back-ground under the benumbing influence inherited from the Georgian Era in England. Much, however, and too much which might be called Calvinistic teaching, or at least semi-Calvinism, as distinguished from what is thought to be its opposite as found in the Prayer-Book, had been introduced among us, and certain theological terms having no sure warrant of Holy Scripture, were nevertheless held in some quarters as containing vital truths, the denial of which rendered one who felt bound to question them, or who failed to use the terminology referred to, liable to be considered unsound in the Faith. Moreover, a curious feeling had arisen that much insistence upon what may be termed the distinctive teachings of our Church as separating us from other forms of Protestant belief and worship, was a mark of illiberality and bigotry; and the current phrase of "putting the Church in the place of Christ," was used against those who deemed it their duty to advocate what they held to be specific



Church doctrine. I remember that Bishop Onderdonk was found fault with because of his having, in one of his visitations in the State, preached in vindication of Episcopal government, rather than having chosen for his discourse some topic which was considered, at least by the one who mentioned the incident to me, as better adapted to the immediate spiritual wants of those to whom the Bishop was ministering. This sermon had been preached at the ordination held here in 1844, and is to be found among the Bishop's published discourses.

In speaking of those sad old times of party dissension and bitterness, it must be considered that the blame for the same was by no means confined to one side. Kindness and love were not always shown to those who made comparatively light of what are our marks of difference from other Protestant bodies: their Churchmanship was occasionally rudely called in question, and their zeal for the good of souls was too often unfairly regarded. Our Church did not present a united front, —consequently her progress was greatly hindered. Rivalry and partisanship had done their miserable work. I may be wrong in my judgment, but I have more than once expressed the opinion that in this diocese we were set back fully half a century, and perhaps longer, by our petty party wranglings. I feel assured, however, that, at the present time, we are under far happier auspices—although there is continually besetting us the danger of extremists seeking to advance their own measures or their own views, and, in doing so, of adopting the corrupt maxims and practices of the

common politician. Indeed, I am not quite certain that these are not sometimes excelled by religious baseness, because this baseness is on their part who profess to have studied the teachings of our Lord, and who claim to be His lawful messengers, or at least to be guided by His precepts.

The history of the Church is full of lessons, as well for our warning as for our following. What, it seems to me, we have special need to guard against at the present time is the revival of the narrow and wretched spirit of *the mere ecclesiastic*. He who is ruled by it sees but little good beyond his own very limited range of vision, and is often led by a morbid sense of what he deems to be right, to assume the rôle of a persecutor. Success in any contracted line of policy tends to develop self-sufficiency; and self-sufficiency is not given to question its own infallibility. I trust it will not be considered out of the way for me to add here that we can hardly expect to make much impression on the independent spirit of our American people unless manly common sense guide us, unless we are governed by the most scrupulous honor, and unless, too, we rise above the Hindoo spirit of caste. We may not have to go far to look for a diminutive Torquemada in a parish priest. We shall have learned to teach effectively the great truths of the Gospel when we practise them—when ours is that Christ-like charity which shall witness that we ourselves are taught of God—when we remember the words of the Lord Jesus: "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."



There is another matter, which I may here briefly mention, which in the past fifty years has, alas! too frequently shown itself in some of our parishes, although this trouble is not by any means confined to our own Churches. I allude to the pragmatic spirit which is found at times among members of a congregation, to the sad annoyance of the pastor or clergyman, as well as to the set-back of true religion. While I would be among the last to claim for a clergyman autocratic power, I would also be among the last to admit that the rector of a parish is under servile bondage to one or more of those who manage, for the most part, its temporal affairs, or who seek to exercise controlling influence in them; nor would a body of Christian gentlemen claim or attempt to exert a mastership of this kind; nor indeed, would any one who has a high sense of honor or any profound conception of the spirit of the Gospel. With deep gratitude to God, and with hearty thankfulness to most kind parishioners, I would very emphatically state that the rector of this Church has no cause of complaint in the matter here referred to.

Among the incidents worthy of record in our parish annals is a midnight service, in the old Church which stood on these grounds, when the news reached us of the fall of Richmond—the end as it proved of the fearful civil war which for four years had distracted the country. No *Te Deum* was ever more heartily sung here than on that occasion. I may also add in this connection that one of my clerical brethren—a Southern man by birth—

who had been very warmly on the Southern side in our National contest, was invited by me to preach here not long after he came North, upon the conclusion of hostilities. It took much persuasion on my part to induce him to occupy our pulpit. I could understand and honor his reluctance in complying with my request; and it was only when I said to him that I had been as strongly on the side of the North as he had been on that of the South, and that nevertheless I wished him to preach for me, that he consented to accept my invitation. When, subsequently, I visited Charleston, South Carolina, no one there received me more kindly and graciously than this friend of many years, now departed this life, and doubtless at rest in Paradise, the Rev. John Grimkie Drayton.

One other political allusion. In the funeral service which was held in St. Mary's in consequence of the death of *President Lincoln*, I simply read, at the conclusion of the service, his second inaugural address. No state paper, nor any other which was ever read here made so profound an impression as this did on the congregation. A gentleman who was present, and who was fitted by his own high rank, both as a scholar and as a careful historical writer, to make the criticism, said to me afterwards that it was one of the finest pieces of writing in the language, and thanked me, as others did, for having publicly read it. This short paper of Mr. Lincoln's and his brief address at Gettysburg have passed into history as among the most wonderful utterances of that remarkable man—their earnestness and self-forgetfulness,



and the tender, loving spirit which shines through them, constituting their charm and their true greatness.

Nothing further of any special moment seems worthy of notice on the present occasion, until the period is reached, when the necessity for a new Church building became abundantly apparent, if St. Mary's was, in any proper way, to meet the spiritual wants of the population which was rapidly increasing about us. On the morning of Trinity Sunday, 1871, I said from the chancel, that it was manifest nothing more could be done here commensurate with what ought to be done, unless we had a much larger Church edifice, and that I proposed to try at once to collect forty thousand dollars for this purpose. I commended the effort I was about to engage in to the sympathy, the co-operation and the prayers of the congregaton. My remarks were very brief, scarcely more than what I have now mentioned. The congregation was taken by surprise, for I had previously spoken to but one or two of the intended announcement. The undertaking was by some then present looked upon, taking into view the amount which the parish could probably furnish, as well-nigh hopeless. Indeed, it was far above our own means to raise so large a sum as that which I had named. I need not dwell upon the hard work—and it was no very easy work—which followed; but with the help which came to us from other parts of the city, and from friends elsewhere, a sufficient amount was pledged in addition to generous subscriptions from members of the parish, and by some around us who were not members of our Church to warrant the Vestry undertaking rebuild-

ing; and the present edifice is the proof of the failure of some gloomy prophesies. It would be a serious lack of Christian courtesy if I did not specially mention here the marked kindness which I have always received from many dear friends, members of the Presbyterian Churches in our neighborhood, and particularly from their honored pastors who have been longest in residence among us, the Reverends Doctors Dana and Henry.

I may speak of the matter of our entering upon Church-building as a venture of faith; but, like many ventures of faith of a similar kind, the cost of this building was about double what was expected, and for a long time we rested very uneasily under a heavy debt. At length, however, under the stimulus of the noble gift of our present altar, by a member of the parish, a supreme effort was made to cancel our bonded indebtedness, so that the new Church could be solemnly consecrated by the Bishop of the Diocese to the worship of Almighty God. Marked success attended this effort, and the consecration by Bishop Whitaker took place on Saturday, May 31, 1890. The sermon on that occasion was preached by the Rev. Dr. George R. Van De Water, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, New York, a large body of clergy being present as well as a large congregation.

I have now placed before you, dear brethren, certain incidents in our parish history—omitting, for the most part, what has been already published. We have great cause for thankfulness in the beautiful services which are held here. In common with, and in sympathy with, the increased attention which of late years has been given in



many of our churches towards making the worship of Almighty God one of joy and gladness, rather than of stiff formality and gloom, it has been sought to have our service here one which shall commend itself by its heartiness, by its reality, by its rejoicing before Him whom we profess to serve. We would thus emphasize our sense of His great goodness towards us, while at the same time we would bow before Him with holy reverence. We would, moreover, do our part towards making the thought of *Divine worship* prominent when men gather together in the houses of God in our land. At the same time we would not in the least degree disparage the great importance of preaching. While it might be presumption in me, in this connection, to adopt, as my own, St. Paul's words where he says: "I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God," I may yet humbly hope that I have not kept back from you those leading truths of the Gospel whereby we "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The text of the sermon which I preached here on first taking charge of the Church was, "Repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." I have not knowingly swerved from these great themes. I have tried to keep in mind, and to keep before the minds of those to whom I have ministered (as I trust I have preached CHRIST unto them) those great words to which we have listened this morning, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." At the same time

I am deeply conscious of much imperfection in my work here. " Who is sufficient for these things? "

*Jubilate* is the name given to the third Sunday after Easter, and is so called from the word beginning the old *Introit* for that day. I hope that we rejoice together to-day—this third Sunday after Easter—that a merciful and gracious God has permitted me to see this jubilee.

The grain of mustard seed which was planted here in the early part of the century has indeed grown into a goodly tree. We see around us in this part of our city other parishes in whose prosperity we can rejoice as, together with ourselves, helping to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation in a Crucified and Risen Lord. Surely the time has come when we can recall St. Paul's words to the Ephesians—words so often forgotten in all our churches—indeed so often forgotten everywhere—" Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Let us hope that our church throughout this wide land is becoming more and more alive to the great responsibility resting upon her as a witness to the truth as it is in Jesus; as furnishing a model of holy and reverent worship; as keeper of the faith once delivered to the saints. Let us pray that it may be graciously given her to have wise, learned, godly, humble, self-denying, yea, self-forgetting men, watchful over her high interests—men in whom the spirit of blessed charity



shall make manifest that she is indeed the Kingdom of God here upon earth. And may God mercifully grant that the great body of her members may be alive to the sublime meaning of the words, " fellowship with Christ," —a fellowship which can adopt the Apostle's words, " Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

My Rev. and Dear Brother:

In the name of the Diocese of which you have been for so many years an honored and most highly esteemed presbyter, and in the name also of this, your loved and loving congregation, I congratulate you, and join with you in thanksgiving that God has permitted you to see this Fiftieth Anniversary of your Rectorship of St. Mary's Church. I am sure that the causes for thanksgiving on the part of this congregation are not less than yours, and that thankfulness fills the hearts of all its members, as it fills your own, that the happy relationship which has so long subsisted between you continues unbroken and unimpaired until this happy day.

Fifty years Rector of one Congregation! What mighty changes have taken place in the affairs and condition of this Nation, of this City, of this Diocese, and of this Church during these fifty years! Scarcely a week had passed after you were advanced to the Priesthood and had become the Rector of this Church when there came to you that wonderful intelligence that a message had been sent by electricity over the wire from Washington and received in Baltimore. That was the begin-

ning of a series of scientific inventions and their practical application to the industries and arts of life, producing far greater results during these fifty years than had been accomplished in any five hundred years preceding.

You have been privileged to see all these advances.

You have seen the growth of that mighty empire in the valley of the Mississippi, and of another great empire upon the Pacific coast.

You have lived to see the less than three hundred thousand people of this City increase to more than a million.

You have seen a growth of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this Diocese greater in ratio than the growth of the City or of the Nation.

Although in 1865 the erection of the Diocese ot Pittsburgh took away one-fifth of the Clergy and one-eighth of the Communicants of the Diocese; although the same thing was repeated in 1871, when the creation of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania took away a still larger proportion of the Clergy and Communicants, still the present number of Clergy and Communicants is much larger than it was before any division took place, and the annual amount of gifts for educational and religious and charitable purposes in the old Diocese is far greater than it was in the undivided Diocese fifty years ago.

When you became Rector of this Parish, there were but one hundred and seventeen clergymen of this Church in the whole State of Pennsylvania. Now there are in this Diocese alone two hundred and fifty.



There were at that time only seventy-four congregations and missions in the whole undivided State. Now there are one hundred and seventy-eight in this Diocese alone.

There were at that time only twenty-nine congregations in the City and County o Philadelphia. Now there are one hundred and three.

Fifty years ago there were less than ten thousand communicants in the whole State. Now there are nearly forty thousand in this Diocese alone.

And the growth in this Parish, of which you have been happy to be the Rector, and which has enjoyed your Rectorship these fifty years, has not been less. The plain building in which you then worshipped has given place to this fair, beautiful temple of the Lord. And instead of sixty-two communicants which you reported in your first report to the Diocesan Convention, you reported last year five hundred and sixty.

Of the one hundred and seventeen clergymen that were members of this Diocese when you entered upon your Rectorship, only eight are now alive.

Bishop Clarke of Rhode Island, honored and beloved in his own Diocese, in the House of Bishops, and in the Church at large, yet lives, and long may he live to proclaim the everlasting Gospel!

The Rev. Heman Dyer, of New York, has been for years confined to the solitude of his chamber: and yet in that solitude he is visited by Bishops, Priests and Laymen, and everyone who goes comes away wiser and better than he went.

The Rev. Dr. Crummel is still the eloquent Rector of St. Luke's Church in the city of Washington.

These three are beyond the limits of our own Diocese. Four are still connected with it.

The venerable and venerated Dr. Buchanan, in his sick-room, unable to hold much communication with his friends, and taking little notice of what is going on in the world around him, waits in patience and hope for his last great change.

The Rev. Dr. Spear is confined in the same manner to his sick-room in Ephrata, blind and too feeble to go abroad, yet deeply interested in the work and welfare of his brethren, looking without anxiety to the time when he shall be transferred from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant.

The Rev. George G. Field, for many years the beloved Rector of Trinity Church, Coatesville, finding his strength unequal to the increasing demands of his work, has recently resigned his charge.

One other, the Rev. Wm. Augustus White, still zealously and faithfully performs the duties of the Rectorship of Holy Innocents, Tacony.

You complete the number, of whom we are happy to be able almost literally to say, though you have passed the allotted age of man, your eye has not grown dim, nor your natural force abated. It has been a happy experience for you, and for this congregation that your ministry here has been exercised so long. Yours has been a rare privilege. I have long counted it the happiest lot that can fall to any man, to be the loved and



trusted Rector of a congregation with whom he is brought into intimate and close relationship, being a continual help to them, and receiving from them the encouragement and sympathy which he needs. Such has been your privilege for half a century. Who can tell the ties that have bound you to this people, and that have bound them to you? To how many bereaved souls has it been your privilege to say: "Thy child, thy father, thy mother, thy sister, thy brother, shall rise again." To how many homes have you been a messenger of comfort and peace, as you went to them with the consolations of the Gospel of Christ? It has been your privilege to have a congregation that has been loving, loyal, and true; and during no period in your rectorship have that confidence and affection been stronger than they are to-day.

I rejoice that God has brought to be associated with you in your rectorship a Brother who, by his experience, by his earnestness, by his love for the work to which he has been set apart, is one whom you can trust, one whom the people of your love can trust, one with whom you may work in sympathy and hope. I congratulate you that he has come to be with you, to help you bear the increasing burdens as all this work enlarges, and as in the future, sooner or later, the feebleness of age will tell upon you.

Most of all, my dear Brother, am I thankful for what God has permitted you to do as the Minister of Christ for this people. As you began your ministry here preaching repentance toward God, and faith toward

our Lord Jesus Christ, so have you continued to preach, and so have you continued to live.

Looking at the past with thankfulness, looking to the future with the hope that is set before us by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, I can pray for you with confidence, and with hope that, when the hour shall come that the shadows of earth are to be exchanged for the realities of Heaven, yours shall be the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful Servant, enter thou into thejoy of thy Lord."



## Presentation Address of William C. Hannis, Esq.,

Delivered April 17, 1894.

At the Parish Building of St. Mary's.

My Dear Doctor:

I feel highly honored that the privilege has been conferred upon me of presenting to you, on behalf of your congregation, on this the fiftieth anniversary of your Rectorship of St. Mary's Church, a testimonial of their esteem, and love, and affection for you.

Fifty years! What a long dim vista of years it is to look back over! What momentous events have occurred during that period! Cruel war has shaken the whole world. Dynasties have risen and fallen. Invention and discovery, steam and electricity, have almost overcome the difficulties of time and space, and have peacefully revolutionized the affairs of the world. The face of the earth has almost become a net work of railroads and electric wires. Even the bottom of the deep sea pays tribute to man's ingenuity, and has become a highway for the transmission of communications from one end of the world to the other. We travel now in

rapidly moving, commodious cars, while fifty years ago our chief method of transit was the stage-coach. We make the trip to New York now in two hours, which before the advent of the railroad required a journey of three days. The electric light has almost turned darkness into daylight. We can now sit in our houses or places of business and talk with people hundreds of miles away, with almost the same facility as if they were sitting beside us. We can read at our breakfast table each morning the news occurring the day before throughout the whole world.

Of all these gigantic strides in human progress—and I have mentioned but a few of them—you have been a witness and the Parish of St. Mary's of Hamilton Village has kept its pace in the world's progressive march.

When you came into this Parish, fifty years ago, you were a young man, endowed with all the enthusiasm and ardor of youth. We get but a faint idea of this long stretch of years when we reflect that children *then* unborn are *now* middle-aged men and women.

This place was then a little isolated country village, surrounded by green fields and woods and open country.

The little village Church erected on this site, with its attendant horse-sheds for the convenience of the country people who came here to worship, through your enterprise, energy and perseverance, has been replaced by the beautiful structure in which we now worship.

Day by day, during all these long years, you have seen the *then* distant City of Philadelphia, creeping, slowly



creeping, but ever creeping toward our little village, and finally creeping over it, and creeping around it, until, while we still fondly cling to the name of Hamilton Village, and its rural association, it has in fact become, a component part of the great City of Philadelphia.

You have baptized, you have married, and you have buried, generation after generation of the members of your congregation.

How many are there among us now, who heard you preach your first sermon in this Parish? If there are any, how very, very few there are. The membership of your congregation, while continually growing under your fostering care, yet owing to the vicissitudes of life, has been continually changing—here to day—away tomorrow—replaced by others—shifting, ever shifting, like the sands on the seashore, while you have remained, firm and steadfast at your post of duty, like the rock-ribbed coast, unchanged by storm or sunshine.

You have placed your indelible mark on the records of St. Mary's Parish, and while this Parish shall continue to endure, your name and your fame will adorn the brightest page of its history.

And now, my dear doctor, I render you this slight tribute of the enduring love and affection and esteem of your congregation, with their earnest prayer that the remainder of your days among us may be long, and peaceful, and happy.